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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Celestial Surgeon

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

—*R. Louis Stevenson.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1906 NUMBER 1

GOD'S WINDOW.

God has a house that's wide and tall,
And I'm a window in his wall.
How clear and pure I ought to be
If God must view his world through me.

—Ernest Crosby.

With this issue UNITY begins another volume, the last half of its twenty-ninth year. It has no new program but commits itself to the old quest. It is grateful to its old friends and solicitious for new.

Who is Mr. Irving McGrew anyhow? The farmer from Pulaski, Tennessee, who caused the eviction of Rev. Mr. Phillips, Bishop of the colored Methodist Episcopal church in five states of the union, from a Pullman palace car in the state of Tennessee. The Bishop will continue his usefulness, commanding increasingly the respect of right-minded white and black. Pulaski, Tennessee, and the honorable calling of the farm will survive the smirch left upon them by the malodorous notoriety of this party by the name of McGrew.

The Public, a paper with democratic leanings, speaks of "the democratic plight in Illinois and Ohio with a notorious franchise grabber and his gang of political crooks in control of the democratic machinery of Illinois, and a coterie of political crooks in control of the democratic machinery of Ohio." It also thus aptly characterizes the recent great state conventions held in Illinois:

> The Democratic convention for Illinois was a tumultuous gathering, long drawn out, and disorderly to the last degree. Genuine democracy and honest politics were fighting for life against franchise grabbers and politicians-for-revenue-only. But the Republican convention for Illinois was as quiet and quick and orderly as a capital execution. The spoils having been divided in advance between the "goods" and the "bads," nothing remained for the convention to do but ratify the compromise.

And now it is the "Pocahontas Memorial," and 700 descendants of the Indian princess are to be present at the Jamestown celebration October 11. It is curious that this 700 of the "F. F. V.s" should be so proud of the Indian blood in their veins, who, if convicted of having the remotest drop of African blood in their veins would lose caste and be in perpetual disgrace. Why should descent from the aborigines of America be a source of pride while descent from the aborigines of Africa be a badge of such ignominy, while tested by the standards of civilization, the African descent has proven itself much more amenable to civilization? It is more easily assimilated and has made for itself a much larger and more creditable place in the annals of the nation, whether such annals be searched for artistic, literary, heroic or industrial records.

The "City Sealer" of Chicago makes public the justification of his office by giving a list of 185 convictions from January first to August twenty-third of those who have been found guilty of using "short weights" in trade. Among these 185 are 26 meat dealers, 53 milk dealers, 26 peddlers, 36 ice men, 9 coal dealers. He has found a thirteen-thousand-pound load of coal 3,460 pounds short. The coal barons are not much given to cutting weights with their large patrons, but the basket traders are paying bushel rates for seven, six and even five-eighths of a bushel. This city official ends his report with this cheerful note:

> "This constant vigil is bringing results. Chicago has been no worse than other great cities, as human nature is the same everywhere, but there certainly was chance for reform. We have been laboring along active lines for months, and at this writing we are able to report to the people most satisfactory progress and a promising outlook."

UNITY may be tardy in its publication of the house-cleaning suggestions of the Mayor's proclamation of the city of Denver concerning cleaning up day, but the suggestions are always in order:

> "If your store front, residence or fence is dingy repaint it; if your awning is torn, old or faded, get a new one. Resolve never to throw papers in the street. Ask your milkman, groceryman and pressman to have their wagons painted."

And all the citizens were invited to turn out. The Hull House in Chicago this year, according to *Charities,* instead of arousing a one-day enthusiasm among a thousand children, has succeeded in fixing the attention of two hundred children on their own back yards throughout the season. The vacation months are supposed to be the house-cleaning months in the chuches. Probably the setting of the spiritual house in order, the removal of untidy habits, the cultivation of neglected garden plots, awaits the return of minister and people. It is good to clean house at any time; it is better to keep the house tidy all the time. Spasmodic house-cleaning may be an evidence of poor housekeeping.

UNITY sympathizes profoundly with the spelling reform and extends its thanks to President Roosevelt for this last "Rough Rider" charge up the San Juan Hill of culture. The fortifications on the top, built of dictionaries and spelling books, are formid-

able, but the modifications must come, though in this respect UNITY dares not try to practice what it preaches. For nearly thirty years it has tried in vain to conform to the conventional standards of the spelling book; in spite of all early training and acquired aptitudes, our lapses are numerous. If we were to undertake to order our spelling according to any revised plan, we very likely would only make a bad matter worse. In brief, in answer to the solicitation of our reform-spelling friends, we would simply plead that we are already carrying as many burdens as we can stand. We have neither skill, time, nor strength to add another "reform." So, for a while yet, we must try to follow the "calf path" of English spelling, hoping for the time when the crooked ways will be made straight.

The Tufts College *Graduate,* the quarterly magazine of this institution, for July contains in full the text of James H. West's Phi Beta Kappa poem entitled "Man's Triumphant Era," from which we recently gave a page extract. This sixteen pages of well sustained nobility is saved from monotony by a variety of metrical movements of rare beauty. We hope this poet-printer will in due time give to this singing sermon fitting typographical setting; let it be in time for Santa Claus' use come next Christmas tide. We regret that we cannot print it entire in fitting manner in UNITY, but we cannot decline the invitation to "walk a mile" in this pleasing lyric we find embodied here:

Come, Tom! Come, Reuben! higher see
  Than this or next world's pelf:
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
  To banish dreams of self?

Come, Frank! Come, Will! the jubilee
  Of ages sounds its call!
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
  To give himself for all?

The Mother sings sweet lullaby;
  Her love would banish moan.
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
  To bring to Man his own?

Man's triumph-era calls, and we
  Should hasten it with song.
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
  To clear the earth of Wrong?
  Of War, and Woe, and Wrong!

That was a truly notable event that occurred in Garfield Park, Chicago, where the Scotch-Americans from far and near gathered in a mighty throng to celebrate the unveiling of a bronze statue ten and one-half feet high of dear Robert Burns, beloved of all nations and all classes. Five thousand American citizens confessed with pride their relation to the author of

"A man's a man for a' that."

The most significant thing in this significant event was that this was the result of twenty years of diligent gleaning of funds from high and low and far and near. All too meager are the parks of America, of monumental witnesses to our love for the poets and the heroes of peace. We are glad the Scotchmen have set the pace for other nationalities, not only in Chicago, but elsewhere. Chicago already has its Schiller, the highest representative of our German-American citizenship, its Hans Christian Andersen, the pride of the Danes. It ought to have Victor Hugo for the French, Tom Moore for Ireland, Ibsen or Bjornsen or both for Norway, Tolstoy for Russia, Mazzini or Garibaldi for Italy; who for Spain and who for little Wales, to whom Leigh Hunt said "Belongs the half of chivalry." Will it be William Morris, reform-poet, or Sir William Jones, the discoverer of the great spiritual continents of the Orient? Perhaps better yet, the mythical King Arthur himself, the founder of the Round Table, the dream-republic of the soul. Let these and many other nationalities take example of the "bonnie" Scotsman—nothing daunted, face, if need be, a twenty-year quest for the funds that will prove at once their loyalty to the old and their love for the new country.

Milk

Even the intelligent citizen, in the presence of an uncertain bill of fare, falls back upon milk feeling that this last resort is at least a safe haven. Perhaps this is a case where the bliss of ignorance is better than the folly of wisdom, for, spite of all the "revelations" and "demonstrations," a glass of milk is perhaps still the cleanest thing going in a dirty world. But still the relentless reformer pursues us and compels us to face the problem, sanitary and otherwise, involved in the "milk question."

Here comes *Charities* for August 4, a more than double number, with its forty pages devoted to a "clean milk campaign in Maryland," with its illustrations from the clean milk show recently held in that city and a dozen papers read in connection with such a show by milk experts from various parts of the country. Baltimore seems determined to secure at least this food supply in adequate quantities and in pure condition. Among other ingenious methods of education on this subject a "Dairy Special" has been organized, which consists of a train of passenger cars, one to be used as an auditorium which stops at the various milk stations within sixty miles of the city. The milk farmers are invited to meet the train. Two lectures of fifteen minutes each are given by experts on the proper method of producing and caring for milk. We cannot within the space at our command, even had we the skill, epitomize the revealments found in this milk number of *Charities,* but the very titles are educative: "What the Public Ought to Know as to Milk," "Municipal Milk Work in Rochester, N. Y.," "The Production of Clear Milk from a Practical Standpoint," "The Claims of the Baby and the Discussion of the Milk Question," "Dairy Work and the United States Department of Agriculture," "Tuberculosis of Cattle

and its Relation to Public Health," "Present Needs of the Milk Supply of Baltimore," "Morbific and Infectious Milk," "The Role of Pure Cow's Milk and Infant Feeding," etc., etc.

W. D. Hoard calls the cow "The foster mother of humanity." This she is literally to a large and ever increasing percentage of children. The cow is by common consent the unfailing resource of physician and nurse. Agricultural industry has nowhere else made such strides in the last quarter of a century as in the dairy departments. The names of Professor Babcock, the discoverer of the milk test, and W. D. Hoard, editor of *Hoard's Dairyman,* the champion of the Jersey, the friend of the cow, have given to Wisconsin a wider and perhaps a more solid fame than any of her workers in literature, science or statesmanship.

Perhaps the most impressive ethical lesson in this pure milk campaign is found in the fact that the question of how to suppress deliberate adulterations is an easy one compared with the question of how to secure milk from the unintentional contamination with dirt, the foreign matter of every kind that comes in through carelessness, not through viciousness. Cleanliness is a much more difficult achievement in the milk trade than is honesty. And is it not so in politics, in religion, in education? The Sloven is more to be dreaded than is the Cheat. The careless is a greater foe to municipal sanitation, as he is to pure milk, than the vicious. The unsanitary conditions in politics as in the kitchen can be removed only by the more free use of soap and water. Hot water and plenty of soap, in the right place and at the right time, will save the lives of babies and of men.

Let the campaign for pure milk, so significantly inaugurated at Baltimore, Rochester, Boston, and other cities, spread until we have not only milk that will not sour, but lives that will not grow sordid.

Let no one imagine that this clean milk special of *Charities* for August 4 is of interest only to dairymen, nurses and doctors. It should be carefully read by every preacher and school teacher as well as by every mother and father. It is a long time since we have seen such a hand book of morals and religion as well as an epitome of modern science and civic pride crowded into so short a space. Let every reader of UNITY send ten cents to the Charity office, 105 E. 22d St., New York, or 1001 Monadnock Building, Chicago.

Tower Hill Letter No. VII

Many grateful and eloquent spirits have come forward this summer to recount the joys and benefits of a sojourn upon Tower Hill, each one telling of some special lesson that has been learned in the quiet of these Wisconsin woods. One of the most interesting experiences that has come to the present writer during two summers upon Tower Hill is the broadening of her democracy, the granting of equality in a certain sense to all created things. One must disabuse the mind upon going to the woods to live that he is mingling with lower orders of creation, each member of which must keep at a respectful distance from the superior human presence. The building of a cottage may indeed drive bird and beast away while the hammering continues, but as soon as the owner is quietly settled they emerge from hiding and give every sign of expecting to mingle freely in his every day life as with an equal. The wasp appropriates his ceiling, the spider placidly spins her web in a corner, the little tree toad gives out a hoarse, friendly croak from over the door, while the field mouse walks innocently in through a crevice, left, apparently, for her benefit, and then marvels, no doubt, at the rude, night-time manners that frequently mark a host in the aristocratic "high orders" of creation. It is a little disturbing at first, this acquiring of a broader democracy, but somehow the bigness of things is newly revealed when one has grown to understand the network of relationships correlating all nature, and has renounced the Pharasaic spirit with its "I am better than thou" in the presence of the dumb brethren.

The fifth week of summer school has been one of unusual interest in both departments. The science class has been drawing material for its lessons from the vast swamp, green and mysterious, at the foot of the windmill. In one respect this science class resembles Mr. Squeer's Yorkshire school. "When a pupil has learned that bottiney means a knowledge of plants," said that gentleman to Nicholas Nickleby, "he goes out and knows 'em." The same practical method is usually followed by Miss Hatherell's class in "bottiney." This week, however, the swamp has performed the feat of going to the class, through the energy and early morning excursions of Miss Hatherell. The Grass family was studied one morning and various familiar members of the order, the millet ,the sedge, the rush, took on new interest under scientific inspection and discussion. Even the pestering little sand burr became vested with a semblance of dignity when introduced under its long technical name and found clinging decently to its parent stem rather than to one's ankles and skirt. The dodder with its golden threads, white flowers, and wretched parasitic habits, was displayed to the class in company with the drooping plant it had robbed of growth and flowers. Of course, this plant upon coming into the presence of a group of persons with a taste for ethical discussion received some condemnation for the manner in which it had worked out the problem of getting a living; no doubt it will play some part in an illustrative way in some of the future sermons preached by the ministers summering upon the hill. Wednesday morning, Miss Hatherell gave a most interesting talk upon Luther Burbank, of whom it is customary to say that he has only to wave his wand out in California, and presto, we have golden poppies changing to red, potatoes growing upon tomato vines, despised weeds transformed into winsome daisies, blackberries without thorns, and other such wonderful feats. However, a magician in no vulgar sense is Burbank, but a scientist working earnestly for the realization of a high ideal—the bringing of the best possible fruit to man.

Mr. Olmstead has been away this week; therefore we have done no "birding" in concert. However, this is an occupation that is always followed

more or less by the visitor upon Tower Hill, who, as he walks, is ever wont to turn an intelligent eye aloft.

On Monday morning Mr. Jones concluded his course in the study of the Old Testment with a general talk upon the relation of that venerable book to modern culture, its ethics and art. All too often this great work is regarded as an overworked book, a "last year's bird nest," that the student may neglect and still pass in a crowd for a "cultured" person. It is against this attitude that the Tower Hill summer school and its leader wish to react, believing that a rounded culture necessitates familiarity with this ancient literature.

"Now tell me what you want the rest of the week," said Mr. Jones genially, when he saw written in the eyes of each of us a resolution to acquire more Bible, "tell me what you want me to talk about, and then I'll do as I please." Thus invited, we spoke our preferences boldly, with the comfortable feeling that they would not collide with his. We wanted many things: to have him sketch the process through which a differentiating liberal may adapt himself to an orthodox church without violating any of the principles of sweetness and light; to have him hand over to us the result of his thirty-six years' experience as a leader of study classes in such a form that we may go and achieve the same success at once; to have him tell us how to make children love church and grown folks like to teach in Sunday school; these are but a few of the things we wanted to know. To the various questions, Mr. Jones responded in his own trenchant, stimulating way, incidentally illuminating side paths and pricking bubbles as he talked. "Anything to stick pins into them and keep them awake," he was heard to remark anent a body of youthful hearers. The youth in question are not, however, the sole recipients of Mr. Jones's pin pricks. During the past week he has been taking deep thrusts at woman's clubs, woman's dress, indolent church members, lagging teachers—with a seemingly exhaustless supply of pins. And yet, somehow, we like it and are always after Mr. Jones to talk to us. We are like the heroine in Shaw's "Man and Superman," who is discovered at the close of the drama listening in worshipful attention while her betrothed rails at matrimony before a social gathering. "Keep on talking, Jack," she says entreatingly, when he pauses for breath.

Having cleared the ground of useless debris with the small but useful tools in question, Mr. Jones on Friday afternoon gave a talk thoroughly constructive in nature, centering around the phrase "group leadership." Four ideals were named for which members of the summer school are to work in the particular social group in which each one lives, viz., the ideal of peace, the increase of the common wealth, the living of a simpler life, and a spiritual disarmament between churches.

During the week, the history of old Helena, which was the little village occupying in former years the site that is now Tower Hill, was given by Mrs. Grace Jones of Hillside, and the story carried to a conclusion in a history of Tower Hill given by Miss Mitchell on Friday night.

As is its custom, the summer school closed with Grove Sunday, upon which occasion guests are invited and the recuperating ministers upon the hill are supposed to step back into harness temporarily. Early in the morning we were awakened by the discouraging sound of rain which caused the golden glow and the hydrangeas around Westhope to bow their heads as though in readiness for the services of the day. Down in the pavilion, busy hands had been hanging branches of oak to the rafters, piling spurge, golden rod and wild grape vine around the oaken altar; and banking green leaves about the great fire place above which the long, solemn row of Sargent's prophets looked out upon the scene. Although the services of the day were divided between six different speakers and two sessions, there was a happy unity of thought throughout. "It seems as though we were all trying to preach the same sermon," observed one of the speakers at the conclusion of the services. The speakers coming from widely different parts of the country included Rev. W. J. Davis, Mrs. F. L. Lachmund, Mrs. Margaret Olmstead, Rev. Mary E. Andrews, Rev. E. M. Hodgin, and the Rev. R. E. Olmstead, our hill ornithologist, who was most artistically introduced by Mr. Jones as "a citizen of Tower Hill, one having neighborly relations with the only permanent settlers of the place." Finally, we listened to a message from Mr. Jones himself, a message strong and stirring, intended to stand inspection in the clear, smokeless air around the stalwart oak and pine. And then in the evening, we again gathered in the pavilion to listen to a reading of Browning's "Saul," and with that the eventful day came to a close. The present writer, who, like Emerson, has a strong regard for church, cowl, and prophet of the soul, yet had never before indulged her preference to the extent of listening to six sermons in one day, can testify to the interest and utter lack of weariness that may attend such an indulgence under certain conditions. The required conditions were all present upon Sunday, making a day which was the best of its kind ever held upon the hill according to the testimony of the regular visitors. Katharine A. Graham.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER IX.

IN NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE.

"Born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her."

This was Mother Bickerdyke, and it is not to be wondered at that, soon after she was mustered out, we find her serving as matron and mother in general to the inmates of the "Home of the Friendless" in Chicago, but though there were one hundred and fifty under her care in this home, the number seemed very few to her and the work all too small for her. As she said, "it was too much like working in a peck measure," and she must perforce have something more upon which to spend herself and her splendid resources. Chicago, like many another city of the North, was overrun with discharged soldiers who found it hard to settle to the quiet pursuits of peace—who missed alike the excitement and the discipline of the army life, and who needed some one to help them locate homes for their families. Their meager pay as private soldiers had been used up as fast as it was paid them, and now they found themselves sadly destitute—without money or work, and yet with families looking to them for support. What was more natural than that in such need they should turn to Mother Bickerdyke? She who had helped them over

so many hard places already, and was still as a rock of defense to them. They flocked to her with their stories of wants and needs, telling her now, as in the dark days of the war, of their hope and ambitions—their desires. She solved the problem, as was to be expected. The broad prairies of Kansas, whose soil her farmers are wont to say is the "deepest and richest ever made," covered with tall grasses and beautiful flowers, with fine rivers and streams flowing here and there through them, with natural resources so rich and varied that they are scarcely yet all known—these prairies stretched out inviting hands to the settlers and gave promise of homes to whoever was willing to work for them. Though Mrs. Bickerdyke had never then been in Kansas she had heard much of it and it seemed to her just the place for her boys, and in the summer of 1867 she took a little "leave of absence" from the home and went out to see for herself. What she saw pleased her greatly and, returning again to Chicago, she busied herself at once in finding ways and means for transporting some of the soldiers and their families here. As ever in answer to her appeals her wealthy friends came to her aid, generously "upholding her hands," and thus it was that during the next two years she aided over three hundred families to settle in Kansas upon soldiers' claims that in time grew into beautiful and prosperous homes. General Sherman was at that time in command of the soldiers stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, and gave her much material aid and encouragement in her good work.

"Where the treasure is there will the heart be." Mrs. Bickerdyke's heart was with the soldiers in their brave efforts to build up homes in Kansas and she soon followed them there, taking with her her two sons. She started an eating house, that soon became known as "The Mother Bickerdyke Home," in Salina—then a frontier town of comparatively few inhabitants. But, while possessing all of the attributes of a successful home maker, and such executive ability as is very rarely found in a woman, and not excelled by men, there was yet something lacking in her financial management. Perhaps it was her too generous charities—the quick reaching for whatever money she might have on hand when a pitiful story was told her—or a case of destitution came to her knowledge. Perhaps she trusted too much and did not enforce the "pay-as-you-go" rule sufficiently. Just what it was I do not know, but for some reason this venture was a failure in a business way—from a financial standpoint—and she gave it up in 1869 and went to New York to work under the direction of the City Board of Missions. Horace Greeley and many other eminent people, including Henry Ward Beecher and his wife, became her warm friends and aided her in many ways and here she spent four years, literally "going about doing good" about the "Master's business" as truly as Jesus was in his work along the Galileean shores and among the beautiful hills of Palestine. As with him the "maimed, the halt and the blind," the sick and the poor flocked about her, and she went in and out of their miserable homes with words of blessing and of healing ever upon her lips, and in her hands in place of Bibles and tracts she bore brushes and combs, soap and towels, knowing there could not be godliness without greater cleanliness and the sick bodies must needs be cured before the souls could be awakened to the need of spiritual things. Up and down the city streets, she went in and out the destitute homes for four long years, the while she said, "My heart yearned for the sweet breath of the prairies and my sons there." But not until she had done something near what she went to do would she turn back. Into the hospitals, within the dreadful walls of the Tombs, into Castle Garden, out to Blackwell's Island, here, there and everywhere, it almost seems, she went, with everywhere a trail of "God bless you," of gratitude and love following her. Now and then she would meet one of her boys in blue whose tender greeting and glad recall of services rendered in some southern hospital or upon the battlefield, was like balm to her heart. Those who sat in high places—as the world counts them—delighted to honor her. Vast sums of money were entrusted to her, to be used as she saw fit in her beautiful charities, and everywhere her worth and ability was recognized and honored. What wonder is it that she was invincible and unconquerable, that, as her son said, she "always succeeded" with such a wealth of love forever flowing around her? Upborne on the hearts of the people, strengthened and encouraged ever by their faith and trust, by their ardent admiration and devotion, she could not fail.

There is no power equal to that of love—the united love of a people—and this Mother Bickerdyke had in fullest measure wherever she was known. This sustained her and gave her a power that seemed almost miraculous at times. It was while she was at work in New York in 1871 that the fire fiend raged in the Michigan forests and in Chicago. The bitter need of a stricken people cried aloud in her ears, and she went to them laden again with gifts of money and provisions furnished her by her wealthy friends. These she distributed with that sure instinct and wisdom that marked her work everywhere. After which she turned again to New York and her work there. In 1874 we find her again in Kansas, called back by the longing of her sons for a home and mother in that home—and by the strong desire of her own heart for a little time of rest and quiet. It is easy to think with what joy these sons—Hiram and James—welcomed her, and how gladly they set up their "household gods" in the little home on the prairie. But it could not last—there was always a need and a call for her elsewhere, always those whose claims upon her she felt were more imperative than that of the sons who "could wait" and get along without much that she felt bound to give to others.

There were Indian raids, grasshoppers and drouths for the people to contend with and to despoil them of what few comforts they had been able to gather about them, and in every need or crisis they cried out to Mother Bickerdyke for aid—or, not waiting for the cry, she felt the need and prepared to answer it. Again and again and yet again ten times over in the years 1874 and 1875 she made trips back to Illinois to solicit aid and bring supplies to those who were so bravely fighting against heavy odds and discouragement to make homes for those dear to them. Rumors of her brave efforts and untiring work reached away to Boston, and friends there sent funds to aid her. Hundreds of settlers were benefited, hundreds of homes saved because of what she did, and the people of Kansas "arose and called her blessed." In the State Legislature a resolution was passed thanking her for all she had done and everywhere throughout the state her name was spoken with loving gratitude. All this was as balm to her spirit, yet it did not save her from weariness. She felt the need of complete rest and change and her thoughts turned with longing towards the balmy fields and sunny skies of California. There, as elsewhere, her "boys" were scattered, and they urged her to come to them. Her sons, too, were anxious for her and urged her to go and thus the next two years, 1876 and 1877, were spent in as near idle-

ness as she ever permitted to herself. She traveled from place to place in California, she visited in the homes of the old soldiers there, she saw the big trees, the mountains, the beautiful, fertile valleys, she went with friends to Yellowstone Park, she rested everywhere and enjoyed everything, and gradually the bloom of health came again to her cheeks and the painful jangling of her nerves was stilled, and she longed again for some steady work.

Our Educational Number

[Several of our friends were away on vacations when asked for contributions and were unable to furnish same in time for our use. Some were delayed in the mail and not received in time for last issue, but are gladly welcomed this week.—Ed.]

A Symposium

Will you kindly answer for the Educational Number of Unity such of the following queries as seem to you important today:

1. What is the purpose of Education? Is it to "help make a living" or "to help live nobly"?
2. Is it the function of the state to educate or merely to see that its citizens are educated and have opportunities for higher education?
3. Is it possible for the state to provide a COMPLETE education?
4. Should ALL schools be subject to government inspection and supervision?
   a. Why license the druggist and plumber for protection of life and not the teacher for maintenance of ethical health?
   b. Why not the same supervision over the granting of degrees in the literary world as in the medical?
5. Is the trend of the times toward the endowed college or the state university?
6. What danger that the endowed college will be influenced in its teachings by its financial obligations and desires?
7. What moral danger in coeducation as found in the non-religious state institutions? Do you favor segregation?
8. What is the chief need and the most hopeful thing in the educational outlook?

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, EVANSTON, ILL.

The best I can do now is to express very briefly my general standpoint:

1. To live nobly; but this will *include* an occupation and a livelihood in all normal cases.

2. To see that its citizens are educated; but this will necessitate a system of state schools.

3. Theoretically, yes; practically, no. Theoretically the perfect church and the perfect state will be one; theoretically there is no distinction between sacred and secular; but practically we must for the present separate church and state and limit the religious functions of the latter within certain very general categories.

4. Yes. I accept the suggestions in both *a* and *b*.

5. Both. Johns Hopkins, Clark, Stanford, Chicago and other privately endowed universities have grown up in the very period of the blossoming of state universities; and many of the endowed colleges have taken on new life within the same period.

6. Hard to say, but my impression is that such influence is relatively small. The chief effect of such pressure upon the teaching will be silence where there should be speech. But this difficulty exists as well in the state universities, and I do not see how it can be completely eliminated from institutions of any class.

7. I have no knowledge of conditions at such institutions. I favor segregation for at least the first two years.

8. The present awakening with respect to the moral and religious factor in education. Very truly yours,

George A. Coe.

President's Office, Ripon College, Wis.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your questions of recent date:

1. The purpose of education is both to help "make a living" and to help "to live nobly." Every child should be given a technical education of some sort by which he may make his living; in case of the poor to increase his earning capacity; in case of the wealthy a trade is valuable to fall back upon in a financial emergency; and in every case the learning of a useful, productive occupation is an important part of a complete education. Most of the failures among those who have taken the higher education can be charged to the fact that the failures were not taught the value of hard work. A modern home needs something to take the place of the old-fashioned chores that have in one way or another gone out of style for the average boy. Because of the increasing idleness of boys and girls in the home there is greater need for the schools and colleges to give attention to the practical side of education.

But a man should enjoy life as well as make a living. He cannot enjoy life unless he enjoys his every-day work, and he does not enjoy his work unless he does it in the most intelligent manner and is capable of improving it in its method and results. In order to be able to do this his education must be broader than his trade or profession. He must not only know how to do his work, but why he does it, and know the most possible about its relations to other things.

But deeper than this is the happiness that comes from a true character and enriched life. It is the business of education to provide this enrichment and strengthen the character.

2 and 3. I see no reason why the state should not provide for the education of its citizens by fostering the public schools and providing the state university, but as it is not possible for the state to provide a complete education, in that the necessary separation of state and church prevents the introduction of religious education of any great value, there must be much of the education left to independent schools and colleges, and the state university by developing the research departments and professional and technical schools will have abundance of work to do as the real head of the educational system of the several states. In Wisconsin our State University has developed very strong graduate departments, and while it will probably always have a strong liberal arts course, it will not be able to do all of the strictly college work demanded by the state, and there will be an increasing demand for the work of the independent colleges, all working in harmony with the university.

4. I see no reason why all schools should not be subject to state inspection and supervision. In Wisconsin the State Board of Examiners, in conjunction with the State Superintendent of Education, does pass upon the qualifications of teachers for the public schools, and so far as the work of the independent colleges has to do with preparing teachers the commission inspects the colleges. I see no reason why this inspection should not be extended to passing upon the qualifications of all graduates.

5. The trend of the times in the middle west seems to be more in favor of the endowed college than it was a few years ago, and yet there is no lessening of the interest in the State University.

6. The danger that the endowed college will be influenced in its teachings by "its financial obligations and desires" is very small, and in no case greater than the danger to the state university of being influenced by its financial and political obligations and desires. As long as faculties are made up of human teachers they will be subject to like temptations with other men and women, but after a somewhat wide acquaintance with the teachers in endowed colleges I can say that I know of no more fearless, independent, truth-loving men and women. Even aside from the ethics of the case it would be bad policy to shape one's teaching to fit the opinions of the men from whom you expect a gift. Men who have money to give do not approve of weakling teachers or colleges, and men who have already given the money are not mean enough to attempt or expect any control of the teaching. It is my opinion that gifts to colleges are as thoroughly alienated from the giver as it possible for them to be.

7. In the independent college of not more than four or five hundred students there is no danger in coeducation and I would not favor segregation.

8. Perhaps the two most hopeful things in the educational outlook are the wide introduction of the kindergarten and kindergarten ideals in our public schools, and the rapid increase in the number of schools and students. The statistics published by the Commissioner of Education at Washington in regard to the increased number of students in the public high schools and in the colleges and universities are intensely interesting and mean much in the prosperity and increased happiness of the people.

Sincerely yours,

Aug. 27, 1906. RICHARD C. HUGHES.

The Relation of the School to Some Aspects of the Social Situation

SPOKEN AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GROVE MEETING, TOWER HILL, WIS., SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1906, BY MRS. FANNIE L. LACHMUND, OF THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

It is a sign of the breadth of spirit that dominates this place that I may venture to speak to you on a Sunday morning at services like these on the subject I have chosen. An older view of religion would have ruled it out as secular and profane, that is, as a subject belonging outside the temple. The new religion has wiped out such a distinction in recognizing that all things, not only prayer and thanksgiving, but buying and selling, eating and drinking, and, above all, the administration of civic affairs, have a religious aspect.

My subject is the relation of the school to some aspects of the social situation. You will bear in mind that I say *some* aspects, because those I have in mind are not pleasant ones, and I should deeply regret if I were to seem to overlook the many hopeful and inspiring signs in the life of today.

Several large cities of our country have shared in the disgrace of outrageous misgovernment at the hands of boodlers and grafters. In the midst of the many revelations and painful surprises, people seem to ask each other, "Who or what is to blame? What have the schools been doing? What have they neglected to do?" The question, put in this way, is perhaps not fair to the schools. The home is the strongest force in the making of character; with few exceptions the school is the second force. Enthusiastic teachers might easily resent the implied suspicion of blame in the question and reply with perfect truth, "If things are bad now, what would be the condition without the schools? You have the schools to thank that matters are not very much worse than they are." In the consciousness of this does it behoove us who are in the schools and the community at large that creates the schools to fold our robes of righteousness about us, pass by the boodler with lofty contempt, and so have done with him and his deed? Or does it behoove us to ask ourselves in all humility, "Have we done all that we could do? Is there anything that we have left undone or anything that should have been done otherwise than it was?" In order to answer this question I shall be obliged to ask the following: First, what made it so easy to accept bribes? Why had people so little compunction in the matter? And, second, what did the boodler want the money for?

I return to the first. What made it easy to accept bribes? Some delinquents confessed later they had not for a moment thought it was wrong. As it seems to me, the cause lay in a habit of thought—the habit of looking for a bonus, a something as a reward wholly unrelated to the nature of the service rendered. Habit is a fixed tendency to action induced by many repetitions of the same act under similar circumstances. Now, how was this particular habit of looking for a bonus started? It began when the mother first gave the child a piece of candy for going to bed, or any reward for the performance of a duty. We have seen the habit well under way when the mother has called her boy to run on an errand for her, and he has stood with his head thrown back and cried out, "What 'll ye gimme?" At school the habit has been reënforced when the pupil was urged to study that he might get a hundred per cent. The per cent has no natural or logical relation to knowledge; it is a short-hand way of recording, for the convenience of teacher and principal, the standing of the pupil. It has been misused all over the country, not as a private record for the teacher, but as a motive, an incentive to the pupil. "Do what I ask you to do, and I'll give you a hundred." When examination papers were returned to the pupils their customary question to each other was not "Did you find you had solved that problem or translated that sentence correctly?" but "What did you make?" There was no end of hard feeling between teachers and pupils, because the latter felt they had not been rated high enough, had not received a sufficient reward. On the other hand, many teachers deluded themselves into the belief that they were staunch in upholding the moral law when they made their pupils do their duty, made them study—for per cent. The system has done a two-fold harm: intellectually it has proceeded upon the assumption that learning was a hardship instead of a privilege. This was but the natural result of the crudeness of our methods. The per cent was intended to sugar-coat the pill. Further, it made poor thinkers, because the emphasis was laid on the spoken or written results, and not on the process of thinking. Instead of concentrating his whole mental energy on the problem before him, the child's mind was divided between this and the answer that would bring the per cent. We know what havoc at universities the grading of honors by per cents plays with scholarship and with honesty in examinations. Students are tempted to choose what they call the soft snaps, the studies in which it is easy to make high per cents. In so far as the school has encouraged pupils to work, for not the natural reward of a sense of growth and expansion of horizon, but for something wholly unrelated to the work done, that is, for a bonus, it has helped form the habit of thought that made it easy to accept bribes.

And now to the second question, What did the boodler want the money for? He was not a man whose family was suffering for want of food or clothing or shelter; nor can I believe that it was always wanted for excessive sensual enjoyment. To understand the case and to be fair to the delinquents we may be helped by a glance backward at primitive man. The savage that had killed the dangerous bear or other wild beast, and perhaps had appropriated the animal's cave as a shelter for his tribe, was truly a great man, the benefactor of his people through strength and prowess. The hero retained a memorial of his achievement by drilling holes through the bear's claws, stringing them, and wearing them about his neck. The necklace was the sign of his superior social efficiency, a mark of distinction; the wearing of it, the recognized right of him who had killed the bear. In reality he had gained another, more intimate, reward in the better coördinations of his muscles and in the finer and quicker discrimination necessary to hunting a bear, he had become a better hunter; but, being a savage, he was hardly capable of realizing a reward of this kind.

The wearing of the necklace, at first a sign of worth behind it, gradually came, in the eyes of the savage, in itself to *confer* worth so that a man might steal the necklace and feel equally distinguished in the wearing. As civilization has advanced money, besides performing various other functions, has come to perform also this function of the necklace of bear's claws. The possession of money was a sign that a man, or his father before him, had been industrious and capable, had been socially efficient; we still say "The man is worth a million," even though in reality he may not be worth 10 cents.

Now, what the boodler wanted was this evidence of worth, distinction, eminence in his political party, or distinction socially: a house on the boulevard, laces and diamonds for his wife, and, above all, the satisfaction of seeing her name in the society column of the daily newspaper. To use a boy's expression, he wanted to be *in* it; he wanted to *be* somebody. He wanted the necklace without killing the bear, or, at least, the necklace of a bigger bear than he had killed. In comparing

the boodler with the savage shall we laugh at him? No; he has obeyed, in his way, a deep-seated impulse that is as active in every one of us here today as it is in the savage. He has really wanted some great thing, he didn't know just what. The state of his soul as well as ours may be typified by the crude statue a humble workman in a foundry once made. It was that of a woman with outstretched hands, as if asking for something. People wanted to know what the figure was supposed to be asking for. "Was it bread?" "No." "Or money?" "No." The workman only knew that there was a want that cannot be satisfied with material things. He realized what one of the poets has said: "We are ever roaming with a hungry heart." It is that hunger that often drives the farmer's boy from his comfortable home into the crowded city and drives the city boy out west to see if he cannot appease it there; it is a sense of incompleteness, of imperfection. "I am not yet what I was meant to be, I want to *be* somebody." A French writer has called this the sense of the infinite, the sense that wants more and more and more of something. The miser hopes to get it by getting more and more money; the society woman by more and more social approval; the man and the woman of the spirit, by more and more service in the spirit of the Master. In reality it is the hunger for more fulness of life, for perfection, self-realization, the bringing of self to perfect completeness; every human acorn wants to be the biggest and most beautiful oak tree it can be. The tragedy of life lies in the fact that we don't know the direction in which perfection and beauty are to be found. The path of life is strewn with wrecks of those who have lost their bearings or who never had any bearings; the newspapers register them as criminals and suicides. An unhappy king of France is said to have found his happiest employment in the making of locks; he was at home with himself in the workshop, and only left it with reluctance when affairs of state called him away. He would have found self-realization in a technical career, but an unfortunate social organization decreed that he should be king, to the undoing of himself and his people. Contrast with him an engineer of today who has known the pinch of poverty, who has always worked hard, who in no sense is "in it," but who says: "I have always been glad to be just what I am. I have never for a moment wanted to be anything else." His is the peace that comes with finding the direction in which, for him, self-realization lies.

Let us come back to the public school. What has it been teaching the generation now grown? Chiefly the three R's. We have waked up to the fact that expertness in these arts is not uniformly a moral safeguard, that their mastery sometimes has meant more expert forgers and defaulters. The school, then, did not, perhaps could not, help the boy and girl find themselves. As Jane Addams in her "Democracy and Social Ethics" reminds us, the public school gave equipment for no career but that of clerk in a store. Education, until within a very few years, has been dominated by the commercial ideal. There have been attempts at developing patriotism through the story of our national heroes. In too many cases the effect has been to leave on the child's mind the emphasis on the conspicuous reward that came for conspicuous service. The impression left is, "Be good and maybe you'll be president, or general, or mayor, or ward boss; at least you may get your name into the paper." Inconspicuous and unrewarded goodness has not seemed alluring.

Shall we blame the schools of a generation ago? No. This has been a new country; we have had to do pioneer work in education; we could not copy monarchical school systems. But without blaming the schools of the immediate past, it behooves us to analyze the situation for the purpose of better discovering what the present demands; for, do what we may, we are bound to build upon the past as our foundation.

What new tasks must, then, the school of today assume if it is to be a stronger factor in shaping the social situation? They must teach the three R's; with the improved methods in teaching there is no danger that they will not be taught. But they must be taught as *means*, and not as ends. The ends of the school must be to reveal to the child law in nature, law in society, and the law of his own being, and to give the child the mastery of the tools whereby he shall be able to live out the law of his being, that is, to find himself. Book knowledge alone will not achieve this. The child must have a great variety of first-hand experiences with nature and with tools. Carpentry and iron work in the school are not intended to make a carpenter or an iron worker of the child, nor yet have they fulfilled their mission if they merely give him mechanical skill, suppleness of hand and accuracy in work, though these are gains much to be desired. Were this all, we should be laying ourselves open to the criticism that now industrialism instead of commercialism was dictating to the schools. Industrialism and commercialism are partial phases of man's life; they do not look to the whole being of man, to man as a social and spiritual being. If constructive work, manual training so called, is to justify its claim as a force for the regeneration of society, it must do two things: it must help the boy and girl find themselves, and, to use the words of Dr. Dewey, it must reveal to the pupil the processes by which society keeps itself going, it must help him see the interdependence of workers, help him understand society. History must be taught as an utterance of the spirit in society; literature and art, as an utterance of the spirit in the individual.

To most people life is a mass of shreds and patches. The social delinquent, though he may contribute thousands to a church, is yet a practical atheist, because he does not believe that the universe is a moral universe; does not believe that the moral law will execute itself. The boodler could not see that the means by which he hoped to attain fulness of life, enhancement of personality, were the means by which he would attain to a diminution of life, a shriveling of personality.

The school in any community is always just what that community insists that it shall be, never worse, rarely better. Hence the community, like the individual, must know itself, must clearly know its needs, must be enlightened as to the means for meeting those needs. The board of education and the superintendent may flatter themselves they have solved the problem by the adoption of an ideal curriculum; but all in vain if that curriculum is not vitalized by the right spirit of the teacher. The spirit only can lead to a betterment of the social situation, by leading our youth to see law in nature, in society, in himself; to live in accordance with that law, to choose the lowliest course rather than the higher, to be a digger of ditches rather than a professor if the law of his being so directs, and so humbly, honestly and helpfully to serve his fellowmen, uplifted by the consciousness of his dignity as a part not only of the community but of the universe, of the All-One—that is what it is to be *in* it; that is what it is to *be* somebody.

On the Prairies

Here have I walked, companioned with the great;
Here wandered from the mammonizing town
Into the vast serene, have set me down
Amid the fames which boundeth place nor date.
Here him of Avon in the sunset gate
I saw, and bowed the head; and him with mind
Apocalyptic, blindness could not blind;
And him, the Tuscan, sheer from depths of fate.
Regathered from innumerable death,
Impetuous souls I meditated here,
Whose tameless quest fulfillment came not nigh:
Keats; and who yielded Spezia his breath;
And Marlowe, like the wild-eyed charioteer,
Phaethon, headlong ruining down the sky.

—*Gottfried Hult, in the September Century.*

Strive to be really good in that which you wish to be thought good. Whatever are called virtues among mankind, you will find, on consideration, capable of being increased by study and exercise.—*Socrates.*

THE PULPIT

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

A Lay Sermon delivered at Abraham Lincoln Centre, August 12, 1906, by Louis F. Post, editor of *The Public*.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of the civilization in which our lives are cast is its abounding wealth. Another is its miraculous power of wealth production. Yet we have the paradox of degrading poverty.

Instead of lifting all to a better condition, man's triumphs over physical nature have done little to increase the comforts of the producing masses even absolutely, and much to diminish their comforts relatively. The gulf between riches and want has not been filled in; it has been widened and deepened, and the nether side has become more of a hell than ever. This hell of poverty has inspired us all with a terrifying fear of it which is more degrading than poverty itself. In spite of ourselves we often incline to look upon the exchange of one's immortal soul for a safe fortune, as very like a bargain. Why? Because we dread physical poverty more than we dread any kind of spiritual hell.

I am aware, of course, that the persistence of poverty is denied. "There are men," says Kipling, "who when their own front door is closed will swear that the whole world's warm." But I am not this morning addressing men and women who flippantly deny what everyone with eyes may see and with heart may feel. If I were, I should try to induce them to lay aside their selfishness and reflect. My present appeal is to such as know, from observation if not from experience, that poverty is indeed a fact and the fear of it a veritable hell.

In the minds of these always, and upon their tongues on every appropriate occasion, is the traditional question which comes down to us from the infancy of the race—"Am I my brother's keeper?" This question probes the conscience and demands the best exercise of judgment. It involves all there is in the relationship of man to man and much of man's relationship to God. And upon the right answer to it depends the future of civilization.

One answer is in the negative. It comes from those materialistic mortals who deny that their brother has any natural rights which they are bound to respect. They therefore acknowledge no natural duties to him. "No," say these, "I am not my brother's keeper." If they explain at all it is only to say that this is a tooth and claw universe in which the most brutal brute survives, and that might alone is right.

Another answer is in spirit like the first; but it takes on the form of hypocrisy instead of defiance. "Yes," says the hypocritical parasite, "I am my brother's keeper; it is my pious duty and a burden from which I must not shrink, to do him good and regulate his life." For your parasite knows the natural law of which the poet tells:

> Thus runs the Law, and the Law shall run till the Earth in its course is still,
> And the Ages hurrying one by one, the Cup of Time shall fill—
> That whoso eateth another's Bread shall do that other's Will.

A third answer, also affirmative, comes neither from defiant robbers nor hypocritical parasites. It is the answer of devoted men and women who see and often share the impoverishment of their brother. They attribute his condition to competition for a livelihood and consider sacrifice in his behalf a normal duty. What they demand is that each shall produce according to his ability and share according to his needs.

According to the first of these answers, the law of the universe is neither sacrifice nor justice, but power. According to the second, the answer of the hypocritical parasite, it is neither sacrifice nor justice, but charity for profit. According to the third, the sincere but unthoughtful philanthropist, it is not justice, but sacrifice.

But sacrifice is no more the universal law than power or greed. The essence of sacrifice as well as the essence of power and greed is getting without giving, for the receiver does get without giving if the giver gives without getting. The universal law is neither sacrifice nor greed, but justice. The command is not to bear another's burdens; it is to bear one another's burdens. This is the ideal of justice. By justice is meant the adjustment that morally balances. Applied to the bread-and-butter plane of life it means giving and taking upon equal terms—taking as well as giving. It is "quid pro quo;" and for every "quid" there must be a "quo," or justice fails—the moral balance is disturbed. Reduced to its final terms, justice on the normal economic plane means service in exchange for equal service. Each must render full service in exchange for the service he receives. Otherwise he is either a robber or a beggar, if we put him to the test.

But here we confront a problem. How shall equivalents of service be measured? There is but one natural way, and for that we have only the word "competition." If we lived in a universally unselfish world we should produce an equality of service by offering the most for the least. As everyone would deal upon the same basis, each offering the maximum of service and demanding the minimum, a just equilibrium would result. But in a world where selfishness is a factor, offers to give the most for the least would disturb the moral equilibrium. The selfish would accept them and thereby rob the unselfish. In such a world, equilibrium is preserved by offering the least for the most. For example, if you and I are both unselfish, and you offer to work for me for the minimum, say seven dollars, I would insist upon paying the maximum, say ten dollars. You might yield a little by offering to take eight, for you are unselfish; and I might yield a little, for I, too, am unselfish, by falling to nine. So, finally, our altruistic competition would lead us to split the difference and call it eight-fifty, which would be the moral equilibrium—about what the work is worth. But if you were unselfish and I selfish, I would snap up your offer of seven as soon as you made it. Not so, however, if our competition were egotistic instead of altruistic. In that case you, though unselfish in your instincts, would demand the maximum of ten, and I, the selfish one, would offer the minimum of seven. You would drop readily to nine and I would rise reluctantly to eight. And then we would split the difference at eight-fifty—the same point under egotistic competition, one or both of us being selfish, that we should reach under altruistic competition if both were unselfish. It has been well said that "competition is God's law of coöperation in a selfish world."

But to be effectively coöperative, competition must be in free conditions. Each party to every trade must be at equal liberty to make or reject it. Neither must be under the coercion of want or fear of want. When competition is jug-handled, it ceases to produce the equilibrium of justice. Equality of opportunity and liberty of choice are its indispensable conditions.

With competition free, everybody in normal mental and physical health who produced in proportion to his ability would inevitably share in proportion to his

needs. For no healthy man's necessities can exceed his ability to produce. His desires may, but not his needs. Useless and luxurious people often think and sometimes say that they were born to be served, and under a self-sacrificing regime there would be no way of telling whether they might not be right. The queen bee is useful in the hive, why not a queen bee possibly in society? Drones are useful in the swarm, why not possibly a drone in human industry? But free competition would furnish an infallible test. If free competition prevailed, everyone would be served in the degree that he rendered service—neither more nor less; and those to whom he rendered it would be the judges of the fact and of its value.

It is interference with competition, not competition itself, that unbalances industry. It is interference with competition, that is to say, it is monopoly, that brings about social conditions which give plausibility to the notion that we are our brother's keeper. In the sense that we ought to work for one another regardless of a return of work, the idea that we are our brother's keeper is fundamentally unsound. That is the monopolistic ideal of the principle of slavery. In no such sense are we our brother's keeper. It is a true law of natural morality that "he who will not work neither shall he eat."

This law commands no sacrifice, but reciprocity. It is a correlative of the Golden Rule. And it is good gospel. Whether we become our brother's keeper upon the philosophical principle of giving without getting, or in the patronizing spirit of conventional philanthropy, we lead on to the same selfish goal. By making ourselves our brother's keeper in the sense of relieving him of his individual responsibilities, we pursue a course that must inevitably eventuate in our invading his individual liberties. He who adopts a policy of perennial sacrifice for his brother man, of sacrifice as a normal social principle in contradistinction to sacrifice in emergencies, has but taken the first step in that policy of repugnant philanthropy which begins with doing our brethren good and culminates in tyrannically regulating their lives.

Sacrifice is not typical of brotherhood. In some circumstances sacrifice is neighborly and lovable. In emergencies sacrifice is noble and admirable. Even the pseudo sacrifices of conventional philanthropy sometimes have neighborly and noble aspects. But this is not so of sacrifice as a regular rule of life. The soul of regular sacrifice is condescension, and condescension is neither neighborly nor brotherly. At its best it implies an inversion of the laws of social life; at its worst it is selfish. Self love sacrifices; brotherhood is just. And justice, not sacrifice, is the true moral to the story of Cain, from which we borrow our question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We need not approach that story in superstitious or pious mood. Wholly apart from anybody's attitude toward the sacredness of the Bible, the story of Cain will repay serious thought. Like so many of those old stories, it contains a share of elemental truth. But the truth it teaches is far from that which is often ascribed to it.

We are apt to think of this story as teaching that we are our brother's keeper, but what it really teaches is the reverse of that. The story of Cain is no story of superior and inferior, it conveys no moral of condescension, it teaches no duty of sacrificial caretaking; the story of Cain is indeed a story of brotherhood, but of the brotherhood that is cemented by justice. Its emphatic lesson is that we are not our brother's keeper.

Let me ask you to reflect a moment upon this story. Cain had made an offering to the Lord, and so had his brother Abel. Abel's was received with affection, but Cain's was not, and the envious Cain murdered his brother. The Lord knew he had done this murder, and Cain knew that the Lord knew it. Cain also knew that he had no defense. He had violated his duty by invading one of Abel's natural rights. He had invaded Abel's natural right to live. There was no question here of neglected charity; there was a question of natural rights.

Abel had no natural right to Cain's charity; he had a natural right to his own life. There was no question of sacrifice withheld. A sacrifice would have been a gift, not a duty; it would have been to Cain the giving of something for nothing, and no such duty rested upon Cain which Abel had the right to exact.

The case of Cain was a plain case of crime. He had wronged his brother in respect of a right which his brother could morally assert. In taking his brother's life he had raised no fanciful question of duties divorced from rights. He had raised a question of duties as correlatives of rights. Cain had been guilty of a violation of duty because, and only because, he had assailed his brother's right to live.

Conscious of the wickedness of his crime, he resorted to the tactics that have ever since been common with his kind. He made a false use of a true principle. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he responded when asked his brother's whereabouts. He recognized the import of the question. He knew the Lord was asking not for information, but in accusation. The inquiry did not imply that Cain was responsible for Abel's conduct; what it implied was that he was responsible for his own. What had he done to Abel, not what had Abel been doing with himself—that was the gist of the question. But Cain was evasive. He assumed that the question implied a duty on his part to supervise his brother's conduct. And so he asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The question called for a negative reply. None other could have been given by a God of Justice, who is no respecter of persons. Cain was not his brother's keeper. He knew that the Lord could give none but a negative answer. Had he been his brother's keeper he must have been his brother's master. The terms are interchangeable, and so at the bottom are the ideas for which they stand. God makes no man the keeper, he makes no man the master, of other men. The Devil may, but God does not. Individual freedom is as plainly a divine command as is walking with the feet or eating with the mouth.

The law to which Cain appealed would have been a perfect defense to any accusation but injustice. To that accusation it was no defense. Though Cain was under no moral duty to be the keeper of his brother, he was under a moral duty to respect his brother's natural rights. And it was because he had ignored this duty, because he had invaded his brother's right to life, and not because he had neglected to supervise his brother's comings and goings, that Cain was driven forth with the mark upon his brow.

He was punished not for neglecting to regulate his brother's life, but for taking his brother's life away. His crime was not a failure to sacrifice himself; it consisted in his sacrificing another. Not charity withheld, but murder committed—this was the crime of Cain.

Such is the lesson which the Cain and Abel story has for the lords and masters and philanthropists and reformers of all lands. "Am I my brother's keeper?" No! With emphasis, NO. Not more than Cain was

of Abel is any man his brother's keeper. But as with Cain toward Abel so with every man toward every other, each is charged with the duty of conserving his brother's rights.

We have no normal duty of charity, no normal duty of sacrifice, no normal duty of regulating a brother's life, no normal duty of serving him without expectation of fair service in return, no normal duty of any kind toward any man except as a correlative of some natural right of his. Our brother has a right to live; therefore it is our duty not to kill him nor allow him to be killed. He has a right to labor and to accumulate and trade the products of his labor for the products of the labor of others; therefore it is our duty to let him labor and trade and accumulate and not to rob him nor allow him to be robbed. And when these and kindred rights are subject to regulation by organized society, as they are now, it is our duty as best we can so to use our influence as citizens as to prevent any injustice through social institutions and laws which it would be our duty to avoid perpetrating as individuals. The true gospel of social regeneration is this: "I am not my brother's keeper; but I am bound to respect and conserve my brother's natural rights." That gospel will regenerate. No other will. It is the gospel of justice, and justice is the predominant law of brotherhood.

Though it were conceded that sacrifice is more exalted than justice, nevertheless justice comes first in the natural order. Before anyone can give he must own what he gives. It must be his as against all the rest of the world; and by natural right, and not merely by municipal law. No one can give what is not justly his own. He cannot sacrifice food and raiment or shelter unless he first earns it and owns it. He must be able to say of it justly, "This is mine."

Though sacrifice be considered the foliage and fruitage of spiritual growth, yet justice is its root—its necessary beginning. Social ethics can no more rest upon sacrifice than upon beggary, and no more upon beggary than upon robbery. Let no man say, "I am my brother's keeper;" let every man say, "I respect and defend my brother's rights as I respect and defend my own."

We are vexed, and perhaps tormented, by the vices and foibles of those with whom we are thrown in contact. Let us not stop in vexation, but study our own hearts, and see if there is not some kindred vice or foible in ourselves that perhaps troubles our friends quite as much as this disturbs us. Again, we find persons exciting our admiration through their virtues. Let us not stop in cold admiration, but reflect how we may engraft similar virtues upon our own souls. It is deep and earnest thought alone can teach us to know ourselves, and without this knowledge we are in constant danger of cherishing repulsive vices such as we should abhor in others, and of neglecting the culture of virtues such as in others we esteem indispensable. —*Mary C. Ware.*

Surely this must be a divine world wherein they succeed best, and alone have permanent success, who with most utter loyalty follow ideal and divine ends; who speak truth without fear, perform duty by an inward compulsion, and make their business the service of humanity. Who, then, shall we say is the practical man of affairs, whom the new century demands as its chosen leader and helper? It is the upright, outspoken, noble, and generous gentleman, the friend and lover of men, co-worker with God.

Charles F. Dole.

THE BALTIMORE MILK SHOW

The Laboratory of the Pathology and Bacteriology of Milk. —Demonstrations were given daily in the afternoon and evening in this laboratory by a committee of pathologists and bacteriologists. One-half of the microscopical shelf is seen at the upper right-hand corner of the picture, the window curtain being drawn down. The row of test tubes seen on the table in the foreground contains specimens of a great many cheese molds and an extensive collection of the bacteria of milk, butter and cheese, and of the microscopic organisms which produce anomalous, or poisonous, or infectious milk. The glass dishes at the farther end of this table are plate cultures showing the bacteria found in milk, and in the air of barns, stables and milk houses. On the near end of the farther table one sees the apparatus used by the Philadelphia Department of Health in determining the bacterial quality of milk. The specimen jars beyond contain a variety of pathologic specimens. A more important collection of pathological specimens in the same room is not shown in the picture. The two shelves of jars in the upper left-hand corner of the picture show the daily per capita consumption of milk in forty American cities. The actual amount of milk is in each jar.

A Model Nursery.—Here is illustrated the appropriate furniture for an infant's apartment. It is not an attempt to show a model nursery, but rather to show what range of choice is afforded in the furnishing of such a room. The white covered object in the lower right hand corner is a home-made crëche or incubator for premature infants. This exhibit and the one previously described were under the control of a special committee on infant feeding, consisting of physicians and nurses.

The Milk Campaign in Maryland

H. Wirt Steele, Secretary Maryland Association for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis.

The awakening on the part of a considerable portion of the public of Maryland to the consciousness that each citizen is in some measure his brother's keeper; the quickening of the civic conscience in a large group of people explains the movement which brought about the recent series of lectures on the production, distribution and consumption of milk and the Maryland Milk Exhibition which followed them in Baltimore.

Two and a half years ago some two hundred citizens of Maryland learned the great lesson of their individual responsibility, and the value of working together, in an effort to solve questions affecting the health and living conditions of the people. At that time they worked shoulder to shoulder in holding the Baltimore Tuberculosis Exhibition (the initial effort of its kind in the United States). Its success in awakening popular interest and in helping shape public opinion, impelled the leaders to pursue the idea still further. A tentative program of public education embracing numerous subjects which vitally affect the public health, physical and moral, were laid out.

The subject of milk supply seemed to be the one most closely related to the tuberculosis problem in many ways, and it was deemed the one which most naturally should receive consideration next. The lectures and subsequent exhibition were attended by several thousand people representing various groups, such as public officials, dairymen, milk dealers, physicians and nurses, and laymen.

Just what results may come from this campaign it will take time to develop. Unquestionably public officials learned the necessity for a more rigid inspection of the milk supply. Up to this time such inspection by the state or municipality was shown to have been inadequate. Without any additional legislation the State Board of Health of Maryland will soon begin gathering information concerning the source of supply throughout the state. The Department of Health of Baltimore city has already begun a systematic bacteriological test, although no standard has yet been fixed by ordinance. From these investigations may be expected some definite and adequate program of supervision later on.

The average layman is taking more thought concerning the milk which he uses than he ever did before. He is questioning his milk dealer about any milk which appears to be under grade. In short, he is fixing an arbitrary standard of cleanliness and purity which will eventually force producers to supply clean milk at a reasonable price.

Like all educational movements this campaign for clean milk will eventually produce results as yet not dreamed of; but on the whole, perhaps the most desirable thing which has been gained is the strengthening of the cooperative relations in the group of people who were responsible for the movement.—*From Charities and the Commons.*

(Illustrations by courtesy of *Charities and the Commons.*)

An Infant's Milk Dispensary.—In this corner of the Donovan Room in McCoy Hall an Infant's Milk Dispensary was installed, and every day during the Milk Exhibition instructions were given by a corps of physicians and nurses concerning the feeding of infants. Just outside the dispensary seats were placed for an audience of twenty-five or thirty women, and a clinic was held every day, infants being brought to the clinic from the nearby dispensaries. The necessary apparatus for preparing infant's milk are arranged next to the wall on the left of the picture, and scales, a sterilizer, and some other apparatus on the table just to the right of the center. A long showcase just outside of the dispensary rail contains a collection of proprietary infant foods. At the rear of the room is seen a small part of the exhibit in chemistry, and the closed door opens into the exhibit on Pathology and Bacteriology. The screen on the right of the picture divides the Milk Dispensary from the Model Nursery, which is described in the foregoing picture.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Earthquake in Chile.

The tremendous earthquake shock which almost destroyed the cities of Valparaiso and Santiago the evening of August 16 was followed by several hundred shocks of lesser violence and destructive power. The first great shock was followed in a few minutes by several raging fires which got beyond control and destroyed everything in their pathway. Apparently more than three-fourths of the buildings in Valparaiso were destroyed and over 3,000 people lost their lives, including the wife of Admiral Montt, the recently elected president. The latest reports do not lessen the estimated losses but rather increase the list of towns and citizens which suffered. One town about 30 miles from Valparaiso—Quillota—was reported to have wholly sunk from sight, in one of the later shocks, with nearly all of its 10,000 inhabitants. Last week (Aug. 25) President Roosevelt issued a proclamation inviting the people of this nation to give of their abundance for the relief of the sufferers in these stricken cities—even as citizens of European and South American governments offered generous aid at the time of the catastrophe in San Francisco. Apparently the response will be prompt and adequate even for the great needs in Chile.

Royalty at a Christening.

William Friedrich Franz Joseph Christian Olaf was the brief name inflicted on the youngest heir to the German throne in the new palace at Potsdam, August 29. The long list of royalties present, including the whole of the Kaiser's family and representatives from the families of the King of England, the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Greece, and the King of Italy, besides the dignitaries of state, makes manifest the royal connections of the baby prince and the august ceremony of his christening. The godparents include most of the monarchs of Europe with other "great ones," about a score of names in all. At last reports the baby seemed likely to survive the ordeal.

Cost of Nature's Fireworks.

A Paris paper (Annales) reports that a Brussels engineer has figured out that a "medium flash" of lightning represents an expenditure of 27,000 kilowatts of electricity. As it costs 10c in Brussels for one industrial kilowatt, this engineer estimates that the observer of an ordinary flash of lightning is treated to $2,700 worth of fireworks! The value of this investigation will depend on whether one bemoans the useless expenditure of so much energy or is filled with wonder in contemplating the unmeasured bounty of nature and nature's god.

Another Bank Failure.

The failure of the Real Estate Trust Company, of Philadelphia, supposedly for $7,000,000, may not prove so serious as at first supposed, but in any event the fact remains that the president of the bank was able to use large sums of money illegally and escape the state inspection for two years. It is also apparently true that political influence as well as ordinary "graft" operated to defraud the thousands of small depositors who had trusted their all to this bank. The Presbyterian denomination, in which Pres. Hipple was a distinguished and respected layman, will probably lose large sums of money that had been contributed to its missionary and educational work. It is likely the banking laws will at last be changed and enforced so as to prevent this wholesale robbery.

In Behalf of Purity.

The closing of many disreputable "hotels" and the bringing to the bar of legal prosecution as well as public judgment of several men and women of exclusive social circles has at least served to emphasize the awful extent of the social evil in Chicago. Undoubtedly these "hotels" ought to be closed and every hotel be subject to police supervision under the terms of a license. But when all this is said and done the greatest curse of this city or any city will still remain. Men and women have not yet been made righteous by legal statute, and the high calling of personal purity will never be achieved by closing a few public resorts. Wherein is the remedy? This question will be debated in the forthcoming Purity Congress at Lincoln Centre, October 9th.

Dr. Sheppard Under Fire.

The former Treasurer of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Dr. Robt. D. Sheppard, has been severely arraigned during the past week for alleged malfeisance in office. Apparently Dr. Sheppard was short in his accounts nearly $50,000 and is technically guilty of embezzlement. But if it is true that the books of the treasurer were not thoroughly audited in ten years, and that there were many errors of amounts varying from 15 cents to $7,000; and if it is true that when Dr. Sheppard was treasurer of the Building Committee of Wesley Hospital he actually and unwittingly "paid out $30,000 of his own money" in addition to the funds placed in his hands, it would seem that he was rather guilty of ignorance and criminal carelessness than intent to defraud. Moreover, the trustees of any institution or corporation who do not audit their treasurer's report always, and the treasurer who does not insist upon it—all these are morally guilty.

W. J. Bryan Welcomed Home.

The arrival of Mr. Bryan in New York last week was made an event of national importance, not only by the character of the demonstration in his honor, but by his own address inaugurating his campaign for the presidency. As a whole, his address was not different than had been anticipated, but in advocating the ultimate government ownership of railroads he met with much opposition and criticism. With the election two years away there is promise of a campaign of unusual length and popular discussion.

Two Deaths In London.

The death of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, wife of the prime minister, and of Lord Lovelace, grandson of the poet Byron, both of which occurred last week, removed two most interesting figures from London public life. It is supposed the bereaved prime minister will resign his office and retire to a more private life.

In Chicago.

Food Inspector Murray and the restaurant inspector, Sol Van Praag, have been making generous contributions to Chicago's reputation as a health resort the past week. The tons of canned goods, spoiled meat, fruit and butter that have been condemned ought to lower the death rate very materially, according to news reports. The cleaning up of restaurants and factories where food is prepared, and the investigation of sweatshops and vile tenements, together with the prosecution of milk and ice dealers and other merchants and manufacturers who give short weight or scant measure, all this and more contemporaneous with the closing of disreputable hotels, the prosecution of unfaithful policemen—if this happened last week in Chicago, who dares to lose faith in the universe?

National Negro Business League.

The great address at Atlanta, Ga., last week (Wednesday) was, of course, by the greatest leader of the negro race—Booker T. Washington. Although he cited a stupendous fact which reveals a great reformation, namely, that the blacks in Georgia own $20,000,000 worth of taxable property, and asserted that the south offers the best opportunities as the permanent abiding place for the masses of the race, he also said: "Making all allowances for mistakes, injustice and the influence of racial pride, I have no hesitancy in saying that one of the elements in our present situation that gives me most concern is the large number of crimes that are being committed by members of our race. The negro is committing too much crime, north and south. We cannot be too frank or too strong in discussing the harm that the committing of crime is doing to our race. Let us stand up straight and speak out and act in no uncertain terms in this direction."

I believe that love reigns, and that love will prevail. I believe that He says to me every morning, "Begin again thy journey and thy life; thy sins, which are many, are not only forgiven, but they shall be made, by the wisdom of God, the basis on which He will build blessings."—*Thomas Erskine.*

Let us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves. There comes no adventure but wears to our souls the shape of our everyday thoughts; and deeds of heroism are but offered to those who for many long years have been heroes in obscurity and silence.—*Maeterlinck.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—"Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."
MON.—It is a law of the divine economy that the best things in life are within the attainment of every individual.
TUES.—The world would be better and brighter if people were taught the duty of being happy as well as the happiness of doing our duty.
WED.—After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it.
THURS.—I have no time to waste in making money. Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich and do his duty to his fellowman at the same time. [*Agassiz.*]
FRI.—On, bravely, through the sunshine and the showers! Time hath his work to do, and we have ours.
SAT.—The question of life is not "How much time have we?" The question is, "What shall we do with it?"

—*Selected.*

Knowing How

I've sometimes heard my grandpa tell
That folks who know just how to smell
Can get the summer from one rose,
Or from a little breeze that blows.

And father says no matter where
You live, if you will just take care
And make the best of your two eyes
You'll see so much you'll grow real wise.

And then my mother's often heard
One little pleasant-spoken word
That's made somebody smile and smile,
And feel cheered up for quite a while.

They say it doesn't matter much
Whether a child has such and such;
It's how she'll learn to "make things do";
And p'r'aps it's so with grown folks, too.

—*Written for The Congregationalist by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.*

Hey-Dey

Come and go a-berrying,
Would you wiser be!
Come and learn that everything
Younger is than we—

We who almost dared to think
In our wearying
There were no more springs to drink,
No more pails to swing!

We were dusty with our books.
Come and let us go
Out among the lyric brooks,
Where the verses grow,

Where the world is one delight
Made of many a song
Lasting till the nod of night,
Lovely all day long,

Till the smallest glimmering nook
Holds the moon in glory;
And the heavens are the book
And the stars the story!

There the peaceful earth is sweet,
Either way it lies—
Under unacquainted feet
Or on tired eyes.

—*Witter Bynner, in the September Century.*

In one of our large department stores an obliging salesman had taken every roll of cloth but one from the shelves to show to a persistent woman. The last roll was on the top shelf.

"You needn't bother any more," she replied to the weary clerk, who was about to reach for the remaining cloth. "I was simply waiting for a friend."

"Madam," said the clerk, "if you think she's in the last roll I'll gladly get it down for you."—*N. W. Advocate.*

"I'm the Little Red Stamp"

I'm the little red stamp with George Washington's picture;
And I go wherever I may,
To any spot in George Washington's land,
And I go by the shortest way.
And the guns of my wrath would clear my path—
A thousand guns at need—
Of the hands that should dare to block my course
Or slacken my onward speed.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

The Blessedness of Appetite

wenn u kann ete twelve griddul kakes ann go
rite owt ann play itt onley goze to sho
a millyunair is not so mutch fore he
kann onley ete dri toste ann sum week tee
ur suffer turble panes. butt u kann ete
awl kinds uv stuff ann pi is sutch a trete
u neavur gett enuf ann donuts too
but millyunairs with nuthen else too doo
but ete have gott no stummicks ann thay si
too be a boy agen ann ete mince pi.

ann hennry beamus sedd heed sooner be
a boy ann have ann appetight like he
has always gott than be a millyunair
withowt good teeth ann hafftoo ware fals hare
ann neavur look at sossidge ur iskream.
the lives uv ritch men are not wott they seme.
ann menny ritch men riden on the seet
uv a bigg otto do not dare to ete
and thade be glad to trade thare welth ann get
a stummick sossidges wood not upsett.

ann hennry sedd there is no hewman joy
uz grate uz to have stummicks like a boy
ann wenn we yurn fore munney we shood think
how millyunairs kan onley ete ann drink
the stuff the dockter letts um ann the besst
they dassent ete becaws thay indigesst
thare food so mutch. with onley goze to sho
we doo not no wotts besst fore uss uno
ann things we offen think wood maik us glad
wood onley maik us sorrey iff we hadd.

—*N. Y. Times.*

Compromises in Married Life

"If marriage meant the wedding of a saint and an angel there would be no problems to solve, no perfection to attain, no progress to make. This may be why there are no marriages in heaven. On earth, it is different; husband and wife are strongly human. No matter how lovingly united or how sweet their accord, they never have the same temperaments, tendencies or tastes. Their needs are different, their manner of looking at things is not identical, and in varying ways their individualities assert themselves. At any critical moment if both express at the same time a desire to defer to the other's taste, the result is foreordained for happiness. This makes matrimony not merely union, but unison and unity. The spirit of compromise does not mean a continuous performance in the way of self-surrender and self-sacrifice; it does not mean ceasing to be a voice and becoming an echo; it does not imply or justify the loss of individuality; it means simply the instinctive recognition of the best way out of a difficulty, the quickest tacking to avoid a collision, the kindly view of tolerance in the presence of weakness and errors of another, the courage to meet an explanation half-way, the generosity to be first to apologize for a discord, the largeness of mind that does not fear a sacrifice of dignity in surrendering in the interests of the highest harmony of the two rather than the personal vanity of one.—*From the September Delineator.*

It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

The Bohemian Catechists and Professor Masaryk.—We are indebted to Mr. Fretwell for some more interesting notes on the almost single-handed struggle that Professor Masaryk is carrying on for the freedom of the schools in Bohemia. They are gleaned from a July letter to the Frankfurter Zeitung, which says in effect: A little pamphlet, entitled "Catechetenspiegel" (Mirror of the Catechists), just published by Professor Masaryk, of Prague, reveals a state of affairs in Bohemia worthy of the Middle Ages. Three hundred and six catechists having instituted legal proceedings against Masaryk charging him with libel, his counsel demanded that the case should be brought before a jury, and then Masaryk would have to prove the truth of his charges. This the clericals opposed, knowing well the weakness of their own position. The material in Masaryk's possession has now been partly published in this "Catechetenspiegel." In it Masaryk gives nearly a hundred cases in which Catholic teachers have recently acted as informers, prefacing the list with an introduction.

He says that the Catholic teachers of religion in the public schools at Bohemia are required to make an annual report to the episcopal Ordinariat on the religious and moral education of the school children and that neither the school principals nor any other member of the teaching body is allowed to inspect this report. The Ordinariat sometimes acquaints the teachers with the fact that they have seen the report and praises them if they have supported the Romanist teachers.

The church has no legal right to interfere with the public schools, yet in this way it exercises an extra-legal control over the schools, both pupils and teachers.

This influence is used principally for the suppression of liberal teachers. Masaryk shows in his "Catechetenspiegel" how members of the Romanist hierarchy make use of this information to discredit the teachers who do not submit blindly to the influence of the Romanist church.

The catechists subject the private life of the teachers to an espionage that must become intolerable to the best of them. Their visits to the confessional and the mass, their pilgrimages and other exercises prescribed by the Romish church are watched and they are denounced if they kneel only on one knee instead of two, if they only lay the hand lightly on the breast instead of striking it, or if on a pilgrimage of two hours they keep the head covered. In one case the head of a school was rebuked because he did not kiss the bishop's hand.

Especial attention is paid by the spies to the question of fasting. If the teacher eats sausage or meat on the evening of Good Friday he is denounced.

The books which the teachers read are controlled. In one case a teacher was denounced because the catechist had seen a copy of Rousseau's "Emile" on his private table.

The political ideas of the teacher are also an object of suspicion. In some cases that they read the paper that Professor Masaryk edits, the Cas (Times), is made a reproach against them.

If they have intercourse with persons who have left the Roman church they are denounced. If they lecture about John Hus it is still worse. One teacher was denounced because, hearing one of the school-children calling another "John Rus" as a term of reproach, he forbade such a use of the name.

The clericals try everywhere to interfere with the teaching, no matter whether it refers to the Darwinian theory in the higher classes or the singing of common songs in the lower ones. And the managers of the inter-confessional schools bow to this intimidation; they are often only the marionettes of the teachers. If any complaints are addressed to them about the interference of the catechists they reply: "The power of the Blacks is too great." The school committees are too often governed by a clerical majority. There is absolutely no resource for the teacher but to appeal to the law courts, and if he win his case there he will be indirectly punished by delay in promotion, or other chicanery.

Professor Masaryk's pamphlet is a sample collection of false charges made by catechists against teachers. If a priest is annoyed by anonymous letters he denounces the teacher as their source without a shadow of reason.

In one case the clericals offered to the law courts a copy of a protocol, the original of which did not exist; as an excuse he said the statement was true as to the facts, and the director and women teachers of the school had therefore been able to sign it with a clear conscience! Hence the copy might be regarded as a true copy!

And there is no chance of punishing these clericals. They stand above the law and feel themselves masters of the school. They do not keep the fixed hours of the schools; they come and go as they please, and if a teacher will not give up his class for a catechist who comes at the wrong hour he is charged with having hindered the catechist from giving religious instruction. Every threat of the catechists to denounce the regular teacher may be regarded as endangering the teacher's position.

The power of the clericals is too great. You hear the common people say of this or that teacher: "The parson has driven him away." And when the teacher is right the school inspector can only say to him: "I could remove you to another place, but I cannot remove the parson; we have no power over him."

This clerical police system is naturally used also against the school children, who suffer most of all under a teaching that destroys their character and makes their education a mere caricature of true pedagogy.

Masaryk tells of one catechist who disguises himself in order to watch the children unobserved. Another incites them to tell him their doubts about the teaching of the clericals that he may speak to their teacher about them. Naturally all mutual confidence among the children is destroyed by such means as this. They are taught that it is a service to religion to inform against any fellow pupil who may not strictly conform to the fasts prescribed by the church. That the catechist forbids the school children to associate with evangelical comrades is a matter of course.

This system of clerical espionage extends far beyond the limits of the school. In February two citizens were

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walking together through the streets of Prague and conversing about religious questions. Neither of them belonged to any recognized confession. A clerical who was walking behind them overheard their conversation. One of them said: "No one can prove to me that there is a God in three persons." The priest called a policeman, who took the three to the station and forced the speaker to divulge his name. The priest who did this was Dr. Gabriel Pechàzek, professor of Roman Catholic theology at the Bohemian University at Prague!

This is not merely a question of excess of zeal on the part of a few individual priests; it is a regular system. In January of this year a clerical paper called on all the clergy to serve the liberals in this way and not to fear exposing themselves to the charge of spying.

This means the realization of the mediæval state of the complete supremacy of the church over the state. In opposition to this there is only one thing for the liberals: separation of church and state and of church and school. We wish that Professor Masaryk's Catechetenspiegel were translated into German. The plain language of facts would show our people how great is the danger, and that the best service that can be rendered to civilization in Austria is that of a resolute campaign against the obscuranists.

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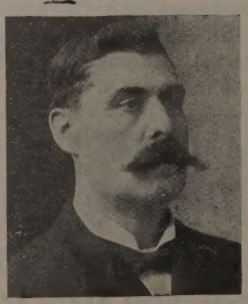

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